

**Lyrics To The Celadon Candy EP: cc**  
**All material by Paul Allgood, Jason Bowden-BMI**  
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**Sweet**

Sweet 70's innovation  
Holds the golden key to my inspiration  
Free 70s generation  
It's in the air I breathe at this elevation  
Music now, was music then  
I have a chance all over again  
To make it loud, make it clear  
All the distance disappears  
Street felony, instigation  
It's inner city heat across every station  
Beat melody combinations  
In every word I say  
Of my conversation  
I use it now, I used it then  
When discotheque was my best friend  
I boomed it loud, I made it clear  
I rearranged my atmosphere  
Sweet melody  
Street felony  
A New Energy  
When the crowd, gets in your ear  
It permeates your atmosphere  
But think it loud, think it clear  
Ignorance will disappear  
Sweet  
Sweet  
Sweet  
J. Bowden/P. Allgood

## **Broken**

Broken into pieces  
My disease is  
That I care.  
About the world, and the people living in the world.  
Show me pictures of starving children  
I get angry, then change the station  
Still more picture of starving children  
I get angry, then I get hungry  
When I worked for UNICEF  
It seemed to be the way, for Jesus to get my autograph  
I sing their tears away.  
Choking, over treacle.  
They cannot hear from over there  
We made a movie, then shot the sequel  
Documentaries, 'cos we care.  
Cue the pictures of starving children  
Change the angle, change location  
Still more victims like dying children  
Nominate me for an Elie  
Then we posed for photographs  
Everyone was brave  
A smile, a hug, and gentle laugh  
Will feed their pain away  
Words on broken phonographs  
Reeking with decay  
Close our eyes to circumstance  
Hope it goes away  
I 'm Broken, Broken  
We're Broken, Broken....

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## **UnderCutter**

You're the hole in my umbrella  
The soaking wet behind my ears  
The bloodstain on my name  
The same disease I 've had for years  
If I went to see the doctor  
He would say to stay away  
But why should I heed advice?

(The hospital charges twice)  
When it's possible to feel worse  
Sid and Nancy, loved each other  
I want you to be my Undercutter  
We'll watch the stars, lying in the gutter  
I need you to be my Undercutter  
Jezebel of my novella  
We're soaking wet between the sheets  
These feelings never change  
(I'm happy to be deranged)  
Without you I'm incomplete  
Provided we don't kill each other  
I want you to be my Undercutter  
Make my heart, melt like butter  
I need you to be my Undercutter....  
J. Bowden/P. Allgood-BMI  
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